

The Horse.

Diseases of the Feet and Legs of Horses.
David Stiles, of Essex County, Mass., in an address before the New England Farmers' Club, reported for the Massachusetts Ploughman, said:

Navicular joint lameness is now very common, when fifty years ago it was seldom known. Capt. John E. Russell, late of the State Board of Agriculture, agrees with me, that removing too much of the elastic horn and substituting a heavy shoe, is a fruitful cause of this lameness, producing concussion, jar or bruise of the joint next to the pedal bone, or bone of the foot.

This lameness is first discovered in the morning when the horse is let out. He steps as though his feet were asleep, but comes out of it as he is driven a few miles; but after a hard drive it is renewed worse than ever. "In such cases remove the shoe at once and drive carefully. If it is in the month of June, you can after a few weeks use your horse all summer without shoes, especially if your horse has a hollow hoof, and those are generally the ones that have this lameness. The hoof of the horse grows when vegetation grows, and this is the time of the year to improve the feet of the horse. The hoof of the horse will grow sometimes more in three weeks in summer when everything else is growing, than in three months in winter. If neglected, or bad shoeing is then done, it lasts through the year. It takes three months after the shoes are removed to get on a fair hoof to drive on the road. Time must be given to rid the foot of tenderness caused by shoeing and renew the horn. The same thickness of hoof will wear as long as that of iron, strange as it may appear. Put on very light shoes when you shoe, and narrow wire.

Founder. "Founder" the quack horse doctor calls it, and says it is the chest that is caved in a foot. I am fool enough to believe that if the chest was caved in half an inch the horse would not live ten minutes after it was done, and also that there is no such thing as chest founder. It is the shoulders drawn forward, a rheumatic trouble, and when in the feet it is inflammation between the wall and sole of the hoof.

Thrush is an inflammation under the fleshy part extended to a collection of matter. Remedy, salt and vinegar or anything astringent.

Corns are broken arteries under the bar of the hoof, hence blood is secreted with the hoof and makes its appearance some six months afterward in the angle of the heel by a bloody spongy appearance.

Corns can never be cured, but will never make a horse lame if the bearing is kept away from them; as we do with our own. Never dig them out; they are entirely different from ours.

Thrush is a much worse trouble than corns. How many talks I have had with people on this subject in my shop. They think they know all about it, and that where there are corns they want to be dug out and cured. I will tell you how they can be cured, if you think you are skillful enough to do it, but I would not attempt it. If you can get something finer than a spider's web and sew the broken artery all around so that the blood will run through it and not come out.—If you can do this, after you have first dissected the hoof all to pieces and then put it back again in shape, then you can cure it. That is the only way I know. But my idea is the more you take off the pressure on the corn the less inflammation there will be. That artery will never be closed up in the world any more than the horse's eye would be good for something, if it had been knocked out and then put back again.

Quarter cracks begin at the top of the hoof, never at the bottom; hence a hoof shoe is of no value. Put on a plate with six or eight screws, put it close under the coronary band. The hoof is as thick there as where it unites with the sole.

I have practiced this for more than fifty years and I have never failed in a single instance to cure the horse, so far as I have known. I have put on a great many plates and have even put on one in this city.

For contraction thin the sole with an English shave and apply a convex shoe.

For weak or flat feet, apply a concave shoe with wide wire.

All this trouble comes from shoeing, and horses were never affected until they were shod. The trouble of flat feet is transmitted from one generation to another.

In purchasing a horse obtain a thoroughbred; they are less liable to become lame. The less flesh on the legs the better.

Valuable Points in the Feeding and Watering of Horses.

The watering and feeding of animals is important from a hygienic standpoint. It is especially so where horses are concerned, since the care of these animals is more artificial than that of any other farm stock. One of the cast-iron rules with stablemen is to water twice a day. The rule will not work special harm if applied to horses of every day work, which leave the stable in the morning and return at night. Water, of course, is supposed to be given at intervals through the day, and especially at the noon-day meal. The time of watering is important. Water should be given before and never after feeding, so far as full drafts are concerned.

When a thirsty horse is given water he will drink immediately after feeding much of the food is carried undigested into the bowels, causing many disorders, as colic, for instance. If the horse is watered before being fed, the water passes out of the stomach, is taken up by the absorbents, and distributed throughout the system just where it is needed. If the horse seems thirsty after eating, two or three quarts of water may be given and will do no harm.

The disposition of the horse as to eating should be looked to. If inclined to bolt his food without proper chewing, his teeth should be examined, and unsound teeth, if any, should be removed, and perhaps ground feed and chopped hay substituted for whole grain. This also should be the rule with greedy horses that bolt their food without grinding. If, however, a horse eats slowly and properly grinds his food it is better that the grain and hay be fed in the natural state.

If a horse is to do hard work during the day ground food is preferable for the morning meal. It is digested more rapidly than when the grain is fed whole. Another mistake too often made is to rush a horse into exhaustive work as soon as he has swallowed his meal. Nothing could be more destructive to health. At least an hour should intervene after feeding before a horse is driven hard or pulled exhaustively.

The giving of water is not less important than feeding. During a journey, and especially in hot weather, the team should be allowed to drink at every opportunity if they will. But at no time should they be allowed to fill themselves with water. Four quarts is enough at any time, unless a long distance has been driven. Then four quarts is enough for the first draft. At the end of twenty minutes each horse should be allowed a fullful if he will drink it. Generally he will not do so, but if allowed he may take two or three fullfuls at the first draft, and always to his damage.

The stomach of the horse will contain only from twelve to sixteen quarts. A fullful of water will fill the stomach of the ordinary horse. The water drunk does not remain in the stomach. It passes into the large intestine (caecum) and thence to the bowels, being taken up along the passage by the absorbents. If large quantities of water are given, the horse sweats or stales profusely, and the system is depleted. The hints here given, if carefully considered and acted on, will save many veterinary fees, and in sparsely settled districts will save much unnecessary disability, and even the death of this the most valuable servant of man. Colic, indigestion, and other complications arising from improper watering and feeding kill more horses than all other causes combined.—Chicago Tribune.

Horse Gossip.

THE horses of the United States are estimated to be worth \$1,022,738,000. But it would probably require half as much more to purchase them.

THE Kalamazoo Stock Farm start the season with Endymion and Bell Boy taking the place made vacant by the death of Grand Sentinel.

With the present demand for good horses at remunerative prices, it is the worst economy in the world for a farmer to breed his mares to a mongrel. They should use the very best sires possible, whether of the draft or roadster class. Ten dollars extra for the service for a mare is nearly certain to make a return of five fold in the price obtained for the colt. Don't throw away the use of your mares for a year because you can get the services of a mongrel cheap.

At some of the meetings of stock-breeders in this State the question has been asked have we not paid enough money to Great Britain and Europe for horses for breeding purposes? The amount paid has been enormous, but we see no way to stop imports until the market here drops so low from the large supply as to make the business unremunerative, as has been the case with Holstein-Friesian, Jersey, Shorthorn, and other breeds of cattle. Only a few of these breeds are now being imported as compared with former years, and the number is likely to decrease rapidly. We have a sufficiency of stock to breed all that are required in the country, and this must naturally be the result in the case of horses before long.

PERCHERON HORSES IN CHICAGO.—An exemplification of the fact that the quick and heavy draft teaming of Chicago is done nearly exclusively by grade Percheron horses was shown during the late Illinois State Fair. Auxiliary to the great Percheron exhibit at the fair, a grand street and fair-ground parade of Percheron business teams was organized. The procession, nearly two miles in extent, contained the two, four and six horse turnouts of over 150 of the most extensive wholesale merchant and manufacturing houses of Chicago. The quality of these high grade Percheron teams, as regards individual appearance, compared favorably with many of the pure bloods on exhibition at the fair, which shows the adaptability of the Percheron horse to the native stock. Grade Percheron horses are always in demand at high prices in all markets, and farmers can make no mistake in breeding them. Mr. M. W. Dusham, of Wayne, Illinois, the extensive importer and breeder of pure Percheron horses for breeding purposes, has on hand about 500 head registered and extended pedigree in the Percheron stud-books of France and America.

We mentioned last fall that the thoroughbred stallion Michigan, by Imp. Leamington, bred Hamiltonia by Boston, the sire of Lexington, would be kept at the farm of Mr. George W. Phillips, near Romeo, this winter. This horse will soon be 20 years old, and when he first passed into the hands of Mr. Phillips showed his age somewhat. Well, the old horse was taken to the farm, and we had the pleasure of seeing him last week. He looks ten years younger, has filled out wonderfully, and is a grand horse of about 1,100 pounds. Had it not been for the blaze in his face it would have required a close examination to determine that he really was Michigan. Now, we hear some horsemen say, "Oh, he has just put plenty of fat on him, that's all." But it is not all, or any part of it. The horse had been grazed high before Mr. Phillips got him; and the first thing he did was to reduce his rations in that respect. His stomach had become so contracted from being fed on concentrated food, that it would not hold sufficient ordinary food to sustain him. By carefully feeding the way, the hay ration was gradually increased and the grain reduced, until now he does not receive as much in three days as he formerly got in one. His digestion has improved, his coat looks healthy, he has increased his weight, and he never saw a better feeling horse than old Michigan when he was led out for inspection. It would be impossible for any one to guess his age from his appearance. And what a looker he is when he is in good shape. If owners of stallions would generally adopt the course pursued by Mr. Phillips—light grain feeding, plenty of fresh air, and a reasonable amount of hay, there would be less kicking about stallions not being sure, and the colts would be healthier and sounder in every way. Messrs. Dewey & Stewart adopt this course with their stallions, and Louis Napoleon at 22 is as vigorous as ever. Fat and lack of exercise spoils more good horses than anything else.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 215 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

The Farm.

Useless Fertilizers.

W. F. Brown, in the Country Gentleman, says there is a very foolish rage for low-priced fertilizers at present because wheat is low and farmers are credulous. He says refuse saltpetre is dear at any price. Ground limestone is sold at \$10 per ton, and 35 per cent. off cash, but would be dear at 10 cents per ton; the refuse of salt works at \$15 per ton, and dear at fifty cents; raw South Carolina sand phosphate at \$10 per ton; Jersey green sand at \$10 per ton—and not enough soluble potash to pay freight for fifty miles—all these find too many purchasers who think low prices synonymous with cheapness, and mistake bulk for quality.

Would the same farmer in starting out to look for a horse, take the lowest-priced one he could find, or use his judgment and select a good one and pay a corresponding price? On the same basis of reasoning we find there is most fraud in the lowest priced, and least in the highest-priced fertilizers.

As Dr. Sturtevant has so well said, manufacturers of fertilizers are well acquainted with the sources of plant-food supply, and are constantly on the lookout for special bargains in materials, so that one may say that all that are offered so low are not worth the freight.

Good Butter Spoiled.

The Dairy and Food Commissioners of Ohio say in a recent circular:

"Our Commission firmly believes that a large majority of the butter made by farmers is good butter, but it is ruined when transferred to the dealers' hands, and done in this manner.—It is received mostly at country stores and placed in filthy, frowsy, rancid boxes or placed in cellars through which are impregnated with various odors of rotten potatoes, coal oil, fish brine, pork brine, and every other foul odor that comes from decayed vegetables kept for sale at such stores. Genuine butter will lose all its good flavor in a very few hours when put in any such place.

"But the next fatal step of the dealer is to take all varieties of colored butter and re-work them together, mixing and crushing until he secures an even color. He then packs his mass of salve into tubs or firkins. It is no longer butter, the granulation of butter being all spoiled by the second and unnecessary working, which leaves simply grease as the result. In this ruined condition it reaches the consumer through the city commission houses, and of course is pronounced unfit for table use and possibly for cooking purposes. How can this be remedied? In two ways. The consumer must purchase direct from the farmer in suitable sized packages, so that no second working need be made, or the dealer must reform. No dealer should buy butter from the farmer unless it is put in convenient shipping packages when made, and in amounts of 10 to 50 pounds each, according to the size of the dairy, and unless it is at all times good, fresh, sweet butter; and no more roll butter should be received than the dairy retail trade of the store demands. This is practical, and the entire make of butter in the country can be brought to terms.

"Next, no dealer should handle a pound of butter until he first secures a room to keep it separate from all other goods having any unpleasant odor. A cheap, up-ground artificial cellar is best, where the air is pure and well ventilated, but can be kept cool. "Roll butter should be kept on earthen plates, and these should be scoured and kept sweet and clean all the time. Every merchant who will handle butter in this manner need never lose one cent, nor will any consignment sent to reliable city dealers, as packed by the farmers, fail to bring the full fair market price. Nor will consumers ever complain. The shade or color is not so material as to have good, fresh, sweet butter."

Agricultural Items.

MOVABLE fence panels are very convenient on the farm, and about the barns. Any farmer will readily see many uses such panels can be put to.

WINTER, according to a practical farmer, reveals the soil of a locality and the methods of farmers, quite as well as summer, to the real student of the soil and humanity.

A NEW YORK farmer says he always failed to get a crop of turnips until he used unbleached ashes to fertilize the ground. Ashes will raise a crop on any kind of land.

GERMAN millet is highly appreciated in Kentucky, and large quantities of seed are annually shipped out of the State. Williamson County alone shipped 25,000 bushels last season.

CREAMERY butter is worked by being passed under the roller and pressed with a sponge covered with fine muslin. The butter passes under the roller about fifteen times, being turned and pressed each time.

A WRITER in Hoard's Dairyman says that having quantities of buttermilk and no hogs to feed it to, he mixed it with sweet skim-milk, and the calves drank it readily and grew fat and hearty under the diet.

DUTCHES COUNTY, N. Y., wants the champion pig of the world on its celebrated fat hog "Seldom," which is estimated to weigh 1,200 pounds. Seldom is 8½ feet long and seven feet five inches in circumference, is kept in a box stall and very "seldom" stands upright. Seldom was to be slaughtered on the 22nd.

A KANSAS farmer predicts that the plow will yet redeem the "Great American Desert." He used to figure so prominently on our maps. After the land is plowed, the soil absorbs the water, instead of turning it off to run into the streams. The plowed land holds the water, and it is breathed back into the air in clouds of invisible vapor.

MR. MURSON, of Olsburg County, N. Y., raises very smooth, fine-looking potatoes. He depends entirely upon superphosphate of lime, one tablespoonful to a hill, which he applies by dropping it directly on the seed, which he plants on the hilling-up system. He has never troubled with scabby potatoes.

VEGETABLE matter in the soil is Nature's great restorer and aid in plant growth, and aids in decomposing mineral matter, and fitting it for assimilation by plants. Commercial fertilizers, by which are meant principally mineral fertilizers, can never take the

place of the yard manures, which are best obtained by purchase of animal foods, to be fed out to stock.

AN Ohio farmer created considerable consternation at an Institute held at Marietta by addressing the meeting on the subject of Wife Culture. It was a branch of husbandry they had not been in the habit of considering. He recommended as essentials in this cultivation, the providing of proper labor-saving conveniences for the house as well as the barns, the refinements of life, and time spent in its pleasures and amusements.

WITHIN a radius of 400 miles from Cincinnati, there are between 5,000 and 7,000 cattle breeders who raise thoroughbred stock. Shorthorns lead as beef cattle, then the Herefords and Devons; for dairy purposes the Jersey is in front, with Holsteins a good second. In February an organization, to be known as the Ohio Valley Cattle Growers' Association, was formed, and the new association will arrange for a fat stock show to be held at Cincinnati this fall.

THE N. E. Farmer thinks that more calves which are mutilated by hand are spoiled by feeding milk that is too cold than by any other one form of bad management. This milk should be about blood heat, or 95 degs., and it is best to test with a thermometer, as being somewhat more accurate than the finger. It should be given at regular times and in reasonable quantities. The withholding of the cream is much less a detriment than the neglect of feeding at the right temperature.

PROF. WILLY has made the first full report on the experiments made at Fort Scott, Kan., in the manufacture of sugar from sorghum. The experiments show a failure to demonstrate the commercial practicability of making sugar from this cane, because the mechanical method for preventing inversion of the cane sugar or sucrose, has not been discovered. The diffusion process is successful, and there is no doubt sorghum is a great sugar-producing plant. But the future of the industry is as much in doubt as before the late costly experiments were inaugurated.

The Poultry Yard.

FARMERS' POULTRY.

There is, in my opinion, a good deal of foolishness exhibited at both extremes of the poultry business, and it usually is generated by applying the rules of arithmetic to give the outlook a promising character, or to prove the utter worthlessness of the speculation. I knew a farmer who, from some cause, kept only half a dozen hens over, expecting only eggs for family use, whose receipts for chickens sold, and the perpetual supply of eggs, as the product of the six hens, induced him to keep over forty the next year. He argued that if six hens bring ten dollars, sixty will bring one hundred dollars, but they didn't pan out in that proportion. He only raised about the same number of chickens as the year before. The eggs were infertile—they didn't hatch. The hens laid in fence corners and under the barn, and the egg supply was not up to the last summer's experience. To add to the sum of his disappointments, those forty hens and the two roosters developed an unsavory depravity. They scratched out his onions and potatoes, riddled the ears of his sweet corn, and climbed the grape trellis exploring for early fruit. They destroyed about an acre of wheat near the house, and the list of damages in the fall over-estimated the receipts, so that we have one man less enthusiastic than formerly.

After several years of indifferent success, some farmers will come suddenly to the belief that the right thing to do, to make poultry-keeping profitable, is to build an elaborate "hen-house." This is usually a square building with architectural proportions, surmounted by a brazen chandelier vane. It is a little humiliating to note that fowls do not readily appropriate the new quarters provided for them, but rather rooster on the cross beams near the roof of the sheep shed, and the old hen take her brood into a corner of the wood-house to shelter them for the night, rather than assume proprietorship of the new hen-house.

It is so often the case, that it may almost be set down as a rule, that farmers make no selections from the flock of poultry in the fall for those designed to be kept over. The young roosters are killed for home use as soon as they are large enough, and when the penningulating poultry dealer comes along in the fall, he is allowed to take what he prefers, and so the shapely pullets go with the lot, and the little piping starvelings that were hatched late, in the weeds behind the hog pen or under the carriage house, go over for the next season's stock, along with such old hens as are unfit for market. A series of unprofitable years often induces the farmer to think that all along he has been keeping the poorest breed, and a change to some other will bring the desired success. If he cannot change a setting of eggs with a neighbor who has acquired some reputation for the quality of his fowls, he purchases either eggs or pullets, in the hope that the luck of this particular flock will follow and abide in the new quarters. Eggs at \$3 per dozen do not necessarily possess an inherent value that will compel success, into whose hands they may be placed. There must be quite a measure of common sense mixed with their manipulation from mother to maturity. One should have some idea of fitness in the selection. A batch of games for a farm yard is about as ill-advised a scheme as a fresh importation of sparrows would be. Where they cannot run, they will fly; and they prefer to roost on the harness pegs, or the carriage dasher, to any other place on the farm. One game rooster, bought because he is an ornament to the front yard, or because the boys want a fighter, will so infuse his prepotent blood into the flock as to spoil all the recent years' stock. If a sort of a pleuro-pneumonia would attack games and Guinea fowls, I should be opposed to a commission to prevent its spread.

Thus far I have presented a string of negations, from which it might be inferred that my experience proceeded no further than the failure noted. Some of the experiences above chronicled are personal ones, but they were lessons toward a better practice. We have tried several of the puffed breeds, but have come back at last to the Light Brahma, as suiting our tastes better than any of the others. They are domestic, easily handled and restrained, and so far as a fowl can be trained, they are teachable—that is, they do not need to be tied to a pole, to learn that it is desirable that they should respect their owner's opinions about their roosting place. The chicks are hardy, and nothing less than the fall of a coop across their necks, or the swoop of a hawk, can prevent them from arriving at maturity in a reasonable length of time. Yes, they will sit on the edge of a couple of bricks, in a quiet place, until they are as light as an owl if you let them, but we order otherwise. We have a little pen made against the wood-house, of old pickets, and when we object to a hen's broodiness, she is placed in it, and we stir her up every time we pass, and keep food by her. A couple of days confinement in an exposed place is usually sufficient to break up the worst case of broodiness. The very best stock of fowls will run out, if care is not taken in the selection of those intended to be kept for next season's use. A critical eye cast over the flock during their growth will determine which comes nearest the ideal type, and these, and only these should be reserved. Last fall I sold the poultry to be taken on a certain day. That morning I selected fifteen pullets, with the view of having them as perfect and as nearly alike as possible; these, with the rooster (I should say cockerel if I were writing for a poultry column) that had been selected long before were placed by themselves, and the dealer allowed to take the remainder. These fifteen pullets have laid all winter, and we are getting daily as many eggs from them as a neighbor who has fifty. My poultry house is 7x16 feet, six feet high at the eaves, built against the end of a carriage house, with a half roof. It has a tight floor, is well baited, with a door at one end and a slide window at the other. The door reaches within six inches of the ground, so that the little chicks when a week old can jump in. Mother and brood soon learn to go in every night, and the door is regularly shut. We have never had the bad luck to have a brood killed by a predatory skunk, or any other midnight marauder. The great mistake with most farmers is in keeping too many hens. Every one's experience who has tried both ways, tallies with this truth. There is profit in a few, and waste with a multitude. There is both philosophy and reason for this, which I have not the space to refer to. If the farmer who has 40 hens and half a dozen roosters, will take all but 20 to the market town and sell them, reserving the finest male, he will double his year's profits above the amount of the sale. A. C. G.

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Strong and Durable, will not
Swell, Shrink, Warp, or Rattle
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FORCE PUMP

Works easy and throws a constant
stream. Best for Fire Engines,
and for all other purposes. It is
cheap and easy to run. The
World for Deep or Shallow Wells.
Over 20,000 in use. Never breaks.
Winter. Also manufacturers of the
Buckeye Lawn Mowers, Buck-
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Buckeye Wrought Iron Fencing, etc. Send
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Windmills have double
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Challenge Wind Mill & Feed Mill Co.,
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THE COOLEY CREAMER

The first invented, never
yet equalled, and the only
one that uses the patented
submerged process.
Which gives it its
great value over
all others.
Where there are no agents,
will sell one at wholesale
price. Send for Circular.
JOHN BOYD, Mfr.,
190 Lake St., CHICAGO.
J400041

GEM OF THE SOUTH

THE BEST VERTICAL MILL,
IRON AND STEEL FRAME.

BY JOSEPH LANNIN, OF SOUTH HAVEN.

Mr. Sheldon, in the town of Huron, Wayne County, N. Y. The tree grows erect, vigorous, hardy, and is a good regular bearer after it arrives at the age of eight or ten years. The fruit grows very slowly until the middle of September, when begins to enlarge, and becomes of fair size. If well cultivated on rich ground the Sheldon will grow to nearly the size of a Baldwin apple. Mr. W. A. Brown and myself had plates of this variety of pear at our fairs, last fall, as large as Roxbury Golden Russet apples. When growing it is a green russet, but when ripe it is a

the peach, yet we never knew a peach to thrive in it, even a seedling would turn yellow and die before a peach would mature. The chances of peach culture were certainly not promising, yet on that same soil and situation we grow four feet or over of healthy peach wood per annum, free from yellows or disease. How do we do it? The same as we think you can, by the use of special fertilizers—bone, potash and nitrogen. We apply, as soon as we have the bone to do it, 500 pounds of bone-dust per acre. In the spring, as soon as the growth has commenced, we apply 500 pounds of


years after planting before it will bear much; but if the stocks are planted four or five years before grafting, so as to have a head with six or eight stocks, then it will come into bearing in about half that time.

THIS trade in American apples in England is growing steadily and will continue to do so if care is taken to pack none but first-class fruit and brand it with a trademark that will not be long unknown in this most critical of all markets. The large grower or shipper has a great advantage here over the small or transient shipper, in that he can establish a reputation for his goods and command a good

sold to a merchant in York, Pa., about 500 pounds of honey. Instead of receiving a check Mr. Deahl received a letter from the merchant's son, saying the honey was almost worthless and would be sold for what it would bring. Mr. Deahl promptly took a train for York and dropped into the store he had shipped to. Upon inquiry he found that he was in the presence of the young man who had written the letter which took him to York, and he asked if he had any honey for sale.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I have a fine article just from Virginia, and will show

will be pleased to correspond with you, and
families for packing dealers' orders are excellent.
To us a synonym we offer the best Tree Digger
on earth—the "Cotton Queen." Also the best set
of Clydesdale Horses. Address
L. G. BRAGG & CO.,
Jail 19-10m KALAMAZOO, MICH

 **INGHAM WRIGHT & CO.**
HARFAPS ALL KINDS OF FRUITCAGES.
BENTON HARBOR
MICHIGAN.
The above and the LESLIE OTCAGON BOX CHATE,
are the most generally used and
CHEAPEST BERRY PACKAGES in the market.
514-41.

[illegible]

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. The right side is a dark, textured binding. The left side is a lighter, possibly damaged or stained, area. Faint, illegible text and markings are visible, including a large, dark, irregular shape in the center.

MICHIGAN FARMER.

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

No. 44 Larned Street, West
DETROIT, MICH.

*Subscribers remitting money to this office
should confer a favor by having their letters reg-
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wise we cannot be responsible for the money.

DETROIT, MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1887.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the
past week amounted to 74,000 bu., against
40,000 bu., the previous week and 102,000
bu. for corresponding week in 1886. Ship-
ments for the week were 255,536 bu. against
381,301 bu. the previous week, and 405,516
bu. the corresponding week in 1886. The
stocks on hand in this city amount to 2,370,871
bu., against 2,558,993 bu. last week and
2,375,931 bu. at the corresponding date in
1886. The visible supply of this grain on
Feb. 26 was 57,634,225 bu. against 59,853,568
the previous week, and 53,149,096 bu. at
corresponding date in 1886. This shows a
decrease from the amount reported the
previous week of 2,558,993 bu. The export
clearances for Europe for the week ending
Feb. 26 were 1,579,183 bu. against 1,370,350
the previous week, and for the last eight
weeks they were 11,175,543 bu. against 3-
181,190 for the corresponding eight weeks
in 1886.

After a dull and rather irregular market
all week, business suddenly became active
on Saturday, and values began advancing in
a most unexpected manner to May dealers.
It seems that the notable decrease in the
visible supply the previous week, over one
and a quarter millions of bushels, the light
receipts reported at western points, coupled
with a sharp export demand, which it is
thought will show an export during the past
week of wheat and flour reckoned as wheat,
of fully 2,550,000 bu., and the knowledge
that the weather of the past two weeks has
been very unfavorable for wheat in a large
area of the winter wheat States, all com-
bined to strengthen the market. The
fluctuations were rapid, and after a day of
much excitement prices finally closed at an
advance on both spot and futures. May
wheat showing an advance of 3¢ from last
Saturday, and closing firm. Chicago was
active, irregular, but showing a greater ad-
vance than Detroit, May wheat going up
3½¢. New York was 3¢ higher on May
deliveries, and Liverpool was reported firmer
at an advance. A considerable decrease in
the visible supply is looked for, and if it
materializes and the weather keeps so
changeable, wheat will be firmer.

The following table exhibits the daily closing
prices of spot wheat from February 15th to
March 5th inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Feb. 15	82 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2
" 16	82 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2
" 17	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 18	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 19	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 20	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 21	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 22	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 23	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 24	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 25	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 26	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 27	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 28	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 29	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 30	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 31	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2

The following table gives the closing prices
of No. 1 white:

	March	April	May	June
Monday	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2
Tuesday	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2
Wednesday	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2
Thursday	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2
Friday	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2
Saturday	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the
various days each day of the past week were
as follows:

	March	April	May	June
Monday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2
Tuesday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2
Wednesday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2
Thursday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2
Friday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2
Saturday	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2

Shipments of wheat from India for the
week ending Feb. 26, 1887, as per special
cable to the New York Produce Exchange,
aggregated 220,000 bush., of which 100,000
bush. were for the United Kingdom and 120,000
bush. to the Continent. The shipments for
the previous week, as cabled, amounted to
90,000 bush., of which none went
to the United Kingdom and 90,000 bush. to
the Continent. The total shipments since
April 1, 1886, or during the current crop
year, amount, as reported in round
numbers, to 41,005,000 bushels, including
30,305,000 bushels, or 49.3 per cent to the
United Kingdom and 30,700,000 bu. or 50.48
per cent to the Continent, leaving only a
moderate quantity available for export until
the new crop comes in. The shipments during
the crop year ended March 31, 1886,
aggregated 39,313,909 bu., against 29,550-
721 bu. the previous crop year. The wheat
on passage from India February 16 was esti-
mated at 2,535,000 bu. One year ago the
quantity was 3,245,000 bu.

The following statement gives the amount
of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in
the United States, Canada, and on passage
for Great Britain and the Continent of Eu-
rope:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	59,826,568
On passage for United Kingdom	17,736,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	5,000,000
Total	82,562,568
Total bushels Feb. 16, 1887	82,562,568
Total previous week	82,562,568
Total two weeks ago	82,562,568
Total Feb. 26, 1886	70,489,659

The estimated receipts of foreign and
home-grown wheat in the English markets
during the week ending February 26 were
94,000 bu. less than the estimated
consumption; and for the eight weeks end-
ing Feb. 12 the receipts are estimated to
have been 3,000,136 bu. less than the con-
sumption.

The Liverpool market on Saturday was

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the
past week were 40,611 bu., against 41,739
bu. the previous week, and 80,953 bu. for
the corresponding week in 1886. Shipments
for the week were 32,158 bu., against 63,730 bu.
the previous week, and 75,994 bu. for the
corresponding week in 1886. The visible
supply of corn in the country on Feb. 26
amounted to 10,134,015 bu., against 10,569,794
bu. the previous week, and 11,053,910 bu. at
the same date last year. The visible supply
shows a decrease during the week indicated
of 435,779 bu. The exports for Europe the
past week were 1,320,430 bu., against 634,219
bu. the previous week, and for the past eight
weeks 7,228,030 bu., against 11,436,122 bu.
for the corresponding period in 1886. The
stocks on hand in this city amount to 457-
100 bu. against 50,337 bu. last week and 457-
000 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886.

The close of the week saw a sharp ad-
vance in corn, undoubtedly caused by the
improvement in wheat. In this market it
advanced on Saturday to 40½¢ for No. 2,
but declined a little, and finally closed
steady at 40½¢ per bu., with May delivery
at 41½¢. No. 3 spot closed at 40¢. At
Chicago the market was active and irregular
on Saturday, advancing and then dropping
back again, but finally closed at an advance
of ½¢ from the previous day. No. 2 spot
is quoted there at 35½¢@38½¢, March de-
livery at 35½¢, May at 41½¢, June at 41½¢,
and July at 43¢, closing steady. The New
York market showed an advance of 1¼¢
to 1½¢, and options 1½¢ on the various
deals. The export demand was light but
speculation active. The Liverpool market
on Saturday was quoted firm, with fair
demand. No mixed western was quoted
at 4s. 4¼d., March delivery at 4s. 4¼d.,
and April at 4s. 4d. per cwt.

OATS.

The visible supply of this grain on Feb. 26
was 4,739,016 bu., against 4,571,405 bu. the
previous week, and 2,347,359 bu. Feb. 27,
1886. The exports for Europe the past
week were nothing against 6,334
the previous week, and for the last eight
weeks were 16,444 bu. against 454,272
bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1886.
The visible supply shows a decrease of 135-
389 bu. during the week. Stocks held in
store here amount to 24,385 bu., against
10,863 bu. the previous week, and 22,052
bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. The
receipts at this point for the week were 47-
481 bu., against 22,005 bu. the previous
week, and 24,773 bu. for the corresponding
week last year. The shipments for the week
were 7,277 bu., against 11,295 bu. the pre-
vious week, and 11,835 bu. for same week in
1886. Oats have been dull the past week,
but the firmer feeling in wheat seemed to af-
fect it also on Saturday, and the slight de-
cline which had taken place has been regai-
ned. No. 2 white is now quoted at 33¢ per bu.,
and No. 3 mixed at 30½¢. No sales of
light mixed are reported. Nothing doing in
a speculative way.

The Chicago market is firmer and slightly
higher than a week ago; trading was more
active. No. 2 mixed is quoted at 34¢ for
spot, 29¢ for May, and 29½¢ for June.
By sample sales of No. 3 white were
made at 29¼¢@30¼¢, No. 2 white at 30
@30½¢, No. 3 mixed at 27½¢@29½¢, and No.
3 mixed at 27½¢@29½¢ per bu. The New
York market advanced ¼¢ on all grades
on Saturday, and was fairly active at 35¢
for 40c mixed western, and 38¢@42¢ for
white.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The market has continued to improve,
and values show a decided advance, es-
pecially on choice grades of dairy. The
supply of really good butter is light, and
the quotations for such range from 19
to 23¢ per lb., with small lots of fancy
bringing 15¢ more. Ordinary to good
dairy sells at 14¢@17¢. Creamery has
also advanced, and is firm at 25¢@27¢,
according to quality. At Chicago there is a
firm tone to the market, with prices on all
good grades of butter showing an advance.
Elgin fancy creamery, 29¢@31¢ per lb.; fine
Iowa and similar makes, 26¢@28¢; fair to
good, 16¢@20¢. The best dairies ranged
at 21¢@22¢; good to choice do, 15¢@20¢,
and ordinary to fair do, 12¢@14¢. Fine packed
roll butter was scarce and would bring
16¢@17¢; fair to good roll, 12¢@14¢; common
and packing stock, 10¢@11¢. The New
York market has continued the improve-
ment noted two weeks ago, and there has
been a further advance in values. All
grades of good butter are firm, but the
greatest advance has been in fancy selec-
tions, of which the market is comparatively
bare. The highest prices ruling have ten-
ded to check the export trade. It may be,
therefore, that prices have reached their
limit and any change hereafter, be toward
lower prices. Quotations in that market
on Saturday were as follows:

	Eastern Stock.
Creamery, tubs, choice	30 3/4
Creamery, tubs, prime	27 3/4
Creamery, tubs, good	25 3/4
Creamery, tubs, fair	23 3/4
Creamery, tubs, ordinary	21 3/4
Creamery, tubs, poor	19 3/4
Creamery, tubs, very poor	17 3/4
State dairy tubs, new, fancy	25 3/4
State dairy tubs, new, good	23 3/4
State do half-drawn tubs, fancy	21 3/4
State do half-drawn tubs, good	19 3/4
State do half-drawn tubs, fair	17 3/4
State do half-drawn tubs, ordinary	15 3/4
State dairies, entire, fine	31 3/4
State dairies, entire, good	29 3/4
State dairies, entire, ordinary	27 3/4
State dairies, entire, poor	25 3/4
State dairies, entire, very poor	23 3/4
State dairies, entire, common	21 3/4
State dairies, entire, inferior	19 3/4
State dairies, entire, very inferior	17 3/4
State dairies, entire, common	15 3/4
State dairies, entire, inferior	13 3/4
State dairies, entire, very inferior	11 3/4
State dairies, entire, common	9 3/4
State dairies, entire, inferior	7 3/4
State dairies, entire, very inferior	5 3/4
State dairies, entire, common	3 3/4
State dairies, entire, inferior	1 3/4
State dairies, entire, very inferior	0 3/4

The exports of butter from American
ports for the week ending February 26 were
174,376 lbs., against 154,754 lbs. the pre-
vious week, and 191,055 lbs. two weeks
previous. The exports for the correspond-
ing week in 1886 were 129,470 lbs.

CHEESE.

The markets at the east show less strength
in tone, owing to a rather slack demand,
and there has been a slight shading in
values. At the west, however, the markets
are firm and quite active. In this market
prices are a shade higher, and quotations are
14½¢ per lb. for full cream New York makes,
13½¢@14¢ for Michigan, and 13¢@13½¢ for
Ohio. The Chicago market is firm with un-
changed values, and the demand more active
than a week ago. Quotations there are 13½¢
@13½¢ for choice full cream cheddars and
flats (two lbs box), and 13¢@14¢ for Young
Americas. Skins are selling at 7¢@8¢ for
choice to fancy makes, and 1¢@3¢ per lb. for
lower grades of adulterated goods. The New
York market has lost a little in tone, and
values are a shade lower. The recent ad-
vance caused a decline in the foreign de-
mand, and a decline caused holders to shade
prices so as to clear off stocks. The week
closed with holders showing more firmness,
and any further decline is not looked for at
present. Quotations in that market yester-
day were as follows:

State factory, fancy, white..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
State factory, fancy, colored..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
State factory, choice..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
State factory, prime..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
State factory, good..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
State factory, medium..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
State factory, fair..... 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
State factory, skins, common..... 10 @ 11
State factory, skins, average..... 11 @ 12
State factory, skins, selections..... 12 @ 13 1/2

The receipts of cheese in the New York
market the past week were 9,149 boxes
against 10,573 boxes the previous week
and 11,995 boxes the corresponding week
in 1886. The exports from all American
ports for the week ending Feb. 26 foot up
917,817 lbs., against 1,507,678 lbs. the
previous week, and 1,335,857 lbs. two weeks
ago. The exports for the corresponding
week last year were 1,467,927.

The Liverpool market is quoted quiet,
with American cheese at 64s. per cwt., a de-
cline of 6d. from the price quoted one week
ago.

WOOL.

There is little if any change in the situa-
tion. The trade is dull and showing signs
of weakness consequent upon a light de-
mand from manufacturers. It is claimed
that fine X wools are ¼¢ lower, and that
XX are also weaker. But if sales are made
at such figures it is because holders have
decided to close out stocks, and submit to
concessions to accomplish their object.
There is no doubt but that manufacturers
are keeping out of market, but it is probably
the result of a poor market for woolen
goods, which are very dull at present. The
interesting dispute over the duties upon
"tops," "ring waste," and "nolls," is also a
source of weakness, as if the decision of
Attorney General Garland is sustained, all
manufacturers of fine woolsens will
avail themselves of opportunity to bring
in foreign wools under those names. In
fact they will be compelled to do so, or be
unable to compete with those who do. But
it must be remembered that this is usually a
dull season, and that both dealers and man-
ufacturers, who furnish quotations to the
newspapers, are always anxious to keep the
markets depressed in view of the near ap-
proach of the time when the new clip is to
be marketed. There is likely to be a decid-
ed change in the market before that time,
however, as there are no large stocks of de-
sirable wools anywhere.

THE STATE FAIR.

The Business Committee of the State
Agricultural Society met with representa-
tives of the County Agricultural Societies at
Jackson on Thursday last to decide upon
the location of the next State Fair. The
Jackson County Society offered their
grounds free and \$1,500 in cash to the State
Society to hold their next fair at that point.
The proposition was accepted, contracts
signed, and the State Fair of 1887 will be
held at Jackson. The dates are September
19, 20, 21, 22, and 23.

In this connection we must refer to the feel-
ing of chagrin on the part of District and
County Societies that so late dates have been
fixed upon by the State Society. The West-
ern Fair at Grand Rapids, and the North-
western at Flint, with a number of County
Fairs, have chosen the same week, and the
conflict of dates must result disastrously to
all concerned. We are aware that the State
Society has always held its fairs beginning
with the third Monday in September, but
the fact that the month begins on Thursday,
throws the fair nearly a week later than
usual. We would like to see this matter
amicably arranged, so as to avoid the an-
tagonisms which it will surely arouse. It
is not too late yet, and with a sincere wish
for the success of the State Agricultural
Society we hope some way out of the trouble
will be found.

THE AMERICAN TROTTING AS-
SOCIATION.

That is the Name of the New Association
Organized in Detroit Last Week.

On Wednesday last a number of gentle-
men interested in trotting assembled in this
city, and perfected an organization under
the name of the American Trotting Associa-
tion. Sixty-eight tracks, located in the
middle and western States, were repre-
sented. The articles of incorporation provide
that the headquarters shall be located in
Detroit, and that it shall be incorporated
for 30 years.

The corporate stock of the association is
\$10,000, divided into 400 shares, and no per-
son can own or control more than a single
share. The annual dues are proportioned
with the amount of purses offered at
races. Where the purses are \$1,000 and
under, the dues are \$10; \$5,000 or under,
\$15; \$5,000 or under, \$75; over \$10,000,
\$100. The association will be officered
with a president, vice-president and asso-
ciate vice-presidents from States having more
than one member of the association; a secre-
tary, board of appeal and a board of di-
rectors, the latter constituting a board of
review. Where no meeting is held by a
member of the association an annual due of
\$10 will be charged. The association is
divided into State governments by its by-
laws, headed by an executive who becomes
a vice-president of the main government.
All appeals should be made to the organiza-
tion in which the appellant grounds his com-
plaints, but in case the appellant desires to
have the appeal go directly to the main
board of appeals he can do so by specify-

ing. All cases of appeal must be settled
within two months.

The following officers were elected for
the ensuing year:

President.—W. R. Merriman, St. Paul.
Vice-President.—D. C. Beaman, Ottum-
wa, Ill.
Secretary.—John H. Shiner, Philadelphia.
Treasurer.—M. L. Williams, Detroit.
Board of Directors.—W. T. Jams, Terre
Haute; C. M. Cottrell, Milwaukee; R. W.
Gillett, Detroit; H. G. Toler, Wichita; E. C.
Lott, St. Paul.

Mr. Shiner, who is at present connected
with the Erie Railroad, will at once resign,
and move to Detroit. Mr. Williams, the
Treasurer, is cashier of the Commercial Na-
tional Bank of this city.

The Indiana and Michigan Trotting Cir-
cuit was formed the same day, under the
American Trotting Association. The Terre
Haute and Columbus tracks of Indiana, and
the Jackson, Lansing, Ionia and East Sag-
inaw tracks of Michigan were made mem-
bers of the circuit. C. L. Benjamin, of
Saginaw, was elected president, and W. J.
Boardman, of Jackson, vice-president.

NORVELL FARMERS' CLUB.

This club was organized in February,
1883, and has since maintained a vigorous
existence. About 30 farmers with their
wives constitute the membership. The
meetings are held monthly at the homes of
the members; an exceedingly pleasant social
time is always had and the interest in the
discussions seems to be on the increase.
The rule adopted three years ago that no
member shall be excused from speaking on
the special subject of the day is usually lived
up to and does much to make the discus-
sions full and interesting.

The lowering sky and occasional fall of
rain of Feb. 26 did not prevent a large at-
tendance of the members at C. L. Hall's.
After the transaction of some business and
the reading of a selection by Mrs. T. B.
Halladay, Mrs. H. A. Ladd read an essay on
the subject of "Domestic Farm Life." The
essayist finds the cares and labors of the
household to grow lighter as added experi-
ence results in more perfect system. The
care and training of our children demand
much of time and thought. Proud of our
schools, we wish them to enjoy more of their
advantages than it was our lot to do. No
man is the less qualified to run a machine
on a farm for having studied mechanics,
no woman will be the poorer cook for hav-
ing obtained a knowledge of chemistry. A
happy childhood is the natural right of every
child; that many are defrauded of it does
not deny the right. No place has so many
opportunities for childish joys as the farm.
To enjoy rural life we must see the beauties
of our surroundings and make peis of farm
animals.

The first paper on the subject, "Shall
we seek to become specialists?" was
read by R. D. Palmer, of Brooklyn.
Humiliating as it may be we must
acknowledge that the capacity of man
is limited. Any attempt to become pro-
ficient in all things will end in failure.
In the manufacturing arts it is proven beyond
question that the best and most economical
results are obtained by the performance by
each workman of but a single kind of work.
And on the farm, while we talk much of
mixed farming, has it not been true that
most of us have made a specialty of wheat
growing. The rotation of crops, the making
and application of manure, have all had an
enlarged wheat crop as the end in view.

Various other things were spoken of as
specialties with which different ones have
been successful. The essayist thought it
wise to raise, as far as possible, all we need
to consume on the farm, as by so doing we
save on all so consumed, the expense of
marketing, the loss of time occasioned by
going to buy, and the dealers' profits on
what is purchased.

H. H. Babby in a second paper took
ground that we are not wise enough to fore-
see the needs of the future and therefore it
is unsafe to risk all on a single product. To
be a successful specialist one must have a
liking for the branch pursued, and a success-
ful stock breeder needs great talent and
skill. Just now the Poland-China is having
a boom, but few of us have been wise enough
to foresee it and be ready to profit by it.

S. W. Holmes would advise the members
to be chary of their investments in the
"Poland-China boom," as he would venture
the prediction that pork would be down
within 15 or 18 months. Wheat has been
produced at a loss the last two or three
years. The growing of any one crop to the
exclusion of others brings the work too
much "in a heap." Some farms or circum-
stances are especially adapted for some or
two things, but for most of us a general
mixed farming is best.

L. D. Watkins did not see how it was
possible for a farmer to be a specialist in
the strict sense of the word. The pork in-
dustry is and will be a good business here
because we are not subject to hog cholera.
In the prairie States 16 per cent of the hogs
are lost from this cause and if we cannot
compete with them when handicapped with
such a loss we must be bad managers.

Wm. F. Hall had reason to know that hog
cholera sometimes invaded this State, as he
lost 60 hogs from it, but was obliged to ad-
mit that the disease was imported.

Mr. Watkins again asserted that it had
never originated in this State, that when
imported, as from its highly contagious na-
ture it is liable to be, it always died out
within 15 months.

A. R. Palmer referred to society in its
primitive state, where each individual sup-
plies all his own wants. As civilization ad-
vances division of labor comes in and wants
are much better and more cheaply supplied.
Specialists are but the outgrowth of divi-
sion of labor. The present is an age of
specialists, and it will grow more and more
so as time goes on. Farmers who are special-
ists do not abandon mixed farming. They
but give a little extra attention to one ob-
ject without neglecting others. By it they gain
reputation and influence, they take pride in
it and so gain added satisfaction and pleas-
ure from life.

W. R. Mount said that we ought to be
thankful to men who are specialists in fine
stock for the benefit they are to us.

Most of the members present answered
the question in the negative, thinking it
wisest to have a large number of products,
that if one failed in yield or price something
else might make good the deficiency.

The viewing committee reported a num-
ber of items of interest concerning Mr.

Hall's farm. They learned that his plan is
to turn off nearly all the products of the
farm in the form of live stock, that the ele-
ments of fertility may be kept at home.

At the next meeting Mr. Holmes' question
of four weeks ago, "What would be the ef-
fect on the soil of a three years' continuous
summer-fallow without cropping?" will be
taken up. The whole subject of the ele-
ments of fertility; how wasted and how in-
creased, will also be considered. I. D.
Watkins will present a paper giving the
latest scientific facts and leave the mem-
bers to fill in the details.

A. R.

Poetry.

TWO SHADOW SHIPS.

The Ship of Dreams.
When silent lies the sleeping town
In its profoundest rest,
There is a ship comes sailing down
Upon the river's breast.
Wide-winged as that enchanted swan,
She sails through the night,
And purple grows the gloom upon
The magic of her flight.
The bark she bears no mortal name,
No crew of mortal mold,
Ulysses' ship of song and flame,
Of cedar wood and gold!
She is the ship that Turner knew
On the enchanted seas,
She floats far from the music through
And isles of memories.
And she is mystically fraught
With dreams remembered long,
That drift on all the tides of thought
And all the seas of song.
She bath Ulysses by her helm
As in the olden time,
This ship of a diviner realm,
And of a fairer clime.
The Ship of Death.
When silent lies the sleeping town
Unknown to human ken,
Another ship goes sailing down,
Bearing the souls of men.
She is the ship of shadowy mist,
Of mist and mournful gray;
There is no gloom of amethyst
About her pallid way.
As silent as that dim ship came
She steals into the dark,
She is no ship of mortal name,
But an eternal bark!
Her deck is thronged with shadows wan,
She will not pause or stay,
So speedily she bears them on,
All on an unknown way.
But sometimes when the dusky tide
Hath filled the widening stream,
That wan and shadowy ship will glide
By the ship of song and dream,
Whereon the watchers dimly know
A terror in the dark,
A pallor; but a fading glow
Flashes the shadowy bark!
—Mary Kendall.

TO MARCH.

Rush on, oh, wild young charioter!
The rushing winds, thy fiery steeds,
Wait but a call from thee to hear
Breath from heaven's far boundary speeds.
With ice-shod hoof and steaming mane,
Thy shout his lash, thy voice his rein.
Dash on, mad youth from frozen lands
That ne'er by summer are caressed!
The leaping waves stretch high their hands,
In endeavor to arrest
Thy flight, to where, 'neath budding trees,
Thy sweetheart April waits for thee.
—Mail and Express.

Miscellaneous.

A PAIR OF CANDLESTICKS.

Old Mr. Barkenstone was dead. Had there remained any doubt of the fact, it would have been dispelled by a far more astounding fact. His only son's widow, Mrs. Hepzibah Elizabeth Jane Barkenstone, was actually in the mansion, controlling all matters pertaining to the funeral, and representing her daughter, Melissa, who was the undoubted heiress, no will having been found to the estate. Had Mr. Barkenstone been alive, the young Mrs. Barkenstone wouldn't have been there. He particularly detested the bustling, pushing, vulgar and determined woman, whom the son had married against the father's will. Craven Barkenstone had been named to please a rich maiden aunt, his mother's sister, who was also offended at his marriage, and left her money for church purposes, and died before she had time to change her mind. Craven, tired of the loneliness of the old house, and having no sympathy with his father's hobbies, had gone off, after some sharp words, and engaged as a clerk in a country shop, about fifteen miles off, and this had angered his father still more.

Somehow, none could tell how, for she was ten years his senior, and homely in feature and uneducated, he married Hepzibah Elizabeth Jane Betts, the daughter of the woman with whom he boarded. He lost his situation at last, took to drinking, and one night, on a drunken bout, fell off a bridge into the river and was drowned. He left a child, a girl, six years old.

The father, if he felt any grief at the event, and it is presumed that he did, made no outward show of it. He paid the funeral expenses, and any debts of the son that were proven, but he did no more. Not a cent would he give to the "woman" or her offspring. She called on him, but he refused to see her, and bade them turn her from the house. He was a terrible old Turk, every one averred, but the epithet did not move him.

As for the widow, she had been forced to maintain herself by dressmaking, for over three years before Craven's death, so she was not without resources. She kept industriously at her business, increasing it, until she had three work-women constantly employed; and she made money. Batter-ley was a growing town, and she had the cream of the business. The little girl grew and thrived. She inherited her father's good looks, and not her mother's homeliness, and at the age of twenty, when her grandfather died, was a handsome girl, a great improvement in manners as well as features on her mother. She had been well educated away from home, for her mother, who adored her, however little she had cared for the father, spared no expense.

The old man Barkenstone knew nothing about it. He had never even seen her. He lived by himself. His hobby was natural science, and he had turned the big Barkenstone house into a museum. He added to his collection of beetles, butterflies and minerals, until it was the wonder of the few—only those who had something to give or to sell—who had been permitted to view it. He lived there with pistol and rifle to guard his treasures, for his two servants, an old man and his wife, lodged in an out-building, leaving him bolted and barred in at night, a scientific Selkirk, monarch of all he surveyed.

Every one supposed the old man to be exceedingly rich. Besides the Barkenstone homestead, three hundred acres, mainly

forest and meadow-land, and three large "stores," on Broadway, New York city, he was known to have houses and farms almost innumerable. The stores alone brought him a rental of twenty-four thousand dollars a year; what the rest yielded was thought to be ten times as much. His expenses, including the few hundreds he spent annually on his cabinet, were less than two thousand a year. But after his death, when his daughter-in-law had taken over letters of administration, and the lawyer, Mr. Finch, set about making an inventory, it was found that he had sold all his real estate but the Broadway stores and the homestead. But what had he done with the money? There was found just one hundred and thirty dollars in his secretary, and some loose silver in his pockets. There were no stocks, no bonds, no mortgages, and no bank-book. The latter, Finch did not expect to find, for he knew that Barkenstone, who had lost three thousand dollars by a bank failure thirty years ago, had declared he never would deposit in a bank again, and he was a man to keep his word.

What had become of the money—a million at the least? The most careful search failed to find it, or any memorandum of its whereabouts. And ready money was wanted. The servants' wages would not be required before Christmas, they were hired by the year, and paid by the year; the funeral expenses might be put off; but a rumor had gone around that the dead man was much poorer than had been supposed, and shopkeepers, butcher, baker, and grocer, whose bills were usually settled at New Year's, had sent in their little accounts. The rent of the New York property had been paid in advance, and it would be in May before anything came from that source. Ready money was needed, and Mr. Finch recommended that the administratrix sell sufficient personal property to pay the debts.

"There ain't much to sell, without stripping the house," said the widow Barkenstone. "This old furniture wouldn't bring much, I guess; and them bugs and things in the glass cases—some of 'em's pooty too—ain't cash in hand. There's a lot of nasty snakes in glass jars—the jars might fetch something if the snakes was thrown out. We can sell the furniture in the old man's room—I hate things that a man's died on, an' them big green plants in the glass houses might bring something."

Finch explained to her that the objects of natural history, if properly catalogued, removed to New York, and sold at auction, would bring more money than she required. The minerals alone would yield a handsome sum.

"Well," she replied, "there's no accountin' for fool's fancles. Sell 'em to once. There's two things I want to get rid of, for I detest the sight of 'em. That's them big candle-sticks, and that old chair."

The candlesticks, or rather candelabra, were large, silver-plated, and of a peculiar design. They were very massive, and the body and branches were twisted after a very old fashion. From their weight, they appeared to be really solid. Finch explained that they were heirlooms, and had been brought over from England by the first Barkenstone here, a hundred and sixty years before.

"I don't keer," she said. "I'm no Barkenstone, anyhow."
"But I want the chair, mother," said Melissa. "It is so big and comfortable. I'll have it upholstered if it needs it, and keep it in my chamber."

"You can have the chair, but them hateful candlesticks has got to go."

And the massive, quaint old candelabra were doomed.

Dr. George Carter, a young physician, who was something of a naturalist, himself, though his specialty was entomology, came over, made out a catalogue, and supervised the packing of the minerals. This was at the instance of Melissa, who was engaged to him. The mother did not like it. She had thought him a good catch, and was delighted when he proposed to Melissa, and was accepted. He had a fair practice, with a little money outside of it, and was a rising man. But now that her daughter was the heiress to over twenty-five thousand a year, at least, she thought a better—that is a richer and more fashionable husband might be found. Hepzibah Elizabeth Jane might be of use as the chaperon of her daughter, where gilded youth would pay her honor on the heiress' account. The dressmaking establishment would be a thing of the past. But Melissa was faithful. She not only had George over to assist them, but she put up old Finch to advise the retention of the bugs and butterflies. She knew George's tastes, and was determined that he should have these—and the snakes also, if he desired to add reptiles to his studies.

Dr. Carter attended the sale at New York every night until it was through. There were buyers from all parts of the country, as well as agents from universities and colleges. The collection was a very good one, and particularly rich in crystallized specimens. Everything brought a good price, and the amount raised was over nine thousand dollars; and to Mrs. Barkenstone's intense amazement the candelabra went off on the sixth and last night. There was a rather sharp competition, and at last they were knocked down to a short, stout gentleman, with a dark complexion, and a very large hooked nose, for thirteen and a half dollars.

This was all very well. But what had become of the money obtained for the real estate? Memoranda of the transactions had been found among the old gentleman's papers, and Finch footed up the amount to the astounding sum of one million, three hundred thousand dollars. There was no trace of it. It had vanished, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a trace behind." In a little while they gave it up, and settled down into comfort. In due time the month of May arrived, the rents came in; and Melissa informed her mother, to the disgust of that lady, that she and George would enter the matrimonial state on the day after the young lady was twenty-one. The course of true love was to run smoothly, and Hepzibah Elizabeth Jane's plans of a summer campaign at Saratoga were to be overthrown.

The owners of the surrounding country-seats were rather pleased with Melissa, when they came out from town in summer, but no one paid much attention to Hepzibah Elizabeth Jane, though her silks were the

heaviest, her satins the glossiest, and her bonnets the most astounding results of millinery high art. She had been moderately commonplace before, she grew insufferably vulgar now. But she dearly loved gossip, and having no other resource she talked a deal with Mrs. Harris, wife of old Harris, who was gardener, groom and man of all work, with only one man to assist him. Mrs. Harris was a kind of housekeeper, and bossed the solitary chambermaid, while she stood in awe of Honora Flanagan, the cook. One day when Mrs. Barkenstone and Mrs. Harris were together, the former said:

"Lyddy, you were in Mr. Barkenstone's room when he died. What was the matter with him? I never heard."

"The doctor said it was old age, ma'am, a sort of general breakup."

"He knowed what he was about?"

"Toward the last, ma'am, he kind o' lost his head. He must a been thinkin' on his son, I s'pose, for he said, says he: 'You'll find 'em in the candle-lubbers.' An' them candle-lubbers kind o' ren on his mind, for just as he was dyin', he seemed to turn to Miss Melissa, ma'am, and he said, says he: 'No will—you'll get all, child—there's the candle-lubbers.' And then he was still. I went over to the bed and he was stone dead."

"What did he mean by candle-lubbers?"

"Them big candlesticks that held six candles apiece—he called 'em candle-lubbers."

"Mrs. Barkenstone repeated this conversation to her daughter, who at first paid no attention to it; but suddenly requested to be told over again. An idea flashed on her mind."

"Mother," she said, "you must get back the candelabra at any price."

"Law sakes! them ugly things? What for?"

"You may depend they are hollow, and contain a paper. It may be a will—or it may be an account of the missing money."

"If it is a will," said the mother, "it may leave the money all away from you, there's no telling."

"Yet I'd like to know where the money is. We must get the candelabra back."

Dr. Carter, to whom the matter was made known, agreed with Melissa, and went to New York to find who had the six-branched candlesticks. There was no trouble in finding the buyer. He was a Solomon Lazarus, a dealer in second-hand goods, principally bric-a-brac, and things bought at pawn-brokers' sales. He remembered about the candelabra. He had sold them, but he had a much finer pair for sale. When asked who bought them, he didn't know. It was a gentleman who would not have them sent home, but beckoned a coach from the door, and took them away in that. He did not leave his name. He had paid cash.

"Was it a hack?"

"Vell, I d'n't know. It looked it might be his own kerrick—I think it was; but I d'n't."

Carter got the day and date, and a description of the man, though that was rather vague. The man had been well dressed, but Solomon didn't think he was a gentleman. Carter went to all the stands, and questioned the hackmen. No one had taken any with anything of the kind from the shop of Lazarus. It must, then, have been a private coach, or from a lively stable. Some of them had such a coach and white horses with black manes and tails, but no one had hired them on that day, to any such person; nor had the drivers, who were questioned, conveyed anything of the kind from that place.

The young Doctor, after many efforts, gave it up.

Months passed on, and Dr. Carter married. The couple spent their honeymoon at the Barkenstone mansion, and then they went to Batterley, where he had a nice house, leaving Mrs. Hepzibah Elizabeth Jane in control of the homestead. They were quite happy, and satisfied with themselves, their fortunes, and the world generally; only the missing candelabra would loom up occasionally, and form a topic of conversation.

One day, Dr. Carter had some business in New York, and while there, met an old college-mate, whom he had not seen for years. The two went to the hotel to dine, and to recall old memories over a bottle of wine.

In the course of the conversation, Tilford, his friend, said: "Do you remember Pat Joyce, who had the job of paving the college yard in our last session?"

"I can't say that I do. Joyce? Joyce? No."

"I'll recall him to your recollection. He had a middle name, Peter—and the fellows always called him Pat Pete, for short."

"Yes, I remember him."

"Well, he has got up in the world since then. He has had a good many profitable contracts with the city, and is said to be worth nearly half a million. I came across him a few days ago, and nothing would do but I must dine with him. He gave me a good dinner. But his house is most remarkably furnished—not in bad taste either. You see, he bought an old house up town that had been a fine mansion in its day. Instead of putting it down, he had it fully repaired. Then he bought fine old-fashioned and old furniture in style to correspond. He bought old second-hand silver, old china, old glass—everything looked as though they were heirlooms in the family of a wealthy Joyce."

"Not a bad notion."

"No! among other things he has a remarkable pair of candelabra in the parlor. They must weigh five pounds apiece—six branches to each, and a very odd, twisted pattern."

"Eh! what! Did he tell you where he got them?"

"Yes; bought them of a dealer on the east side—one Lazarus, paid only thirty dollars for them. What the matter with you?"

"I wonder if he's at home. Take me right to his house. I've been looking for those very things for a year."

The wondering Dr. Tilford piloted his professional brother right to the house of Joyce, whom they found at home—and the candelabra too.

Joyce was glad to see another of the old class who used to poke fun at him as Pat Pete, and after Doctor had assured him that Mrs. Carter had set her mind so on recovering the ornaments, that a disappointment under existing family circumstances might be prejudicial to health, the jolly, good-hearted Irishman agreed to dispose of them.

But he would not take more than they cost; in fact, he tried to make a present of them. "Sure we were all at college together," he said.

That evening the doctor carried home the candelabra. It was summer, and they were staying at the homestead.

But for all practical good, they might as well not have had them at all. They were evidently solid; that is, the thin, plated part had been filled with lead, and they were apparently one piece—at least, their bodies were. There was not a crevice in which a paper or anything could be embedded. It was a great disappointment but had to be borne.

Some more months passed away. There was a new-comer in the house, a fine boy, and the Doctor felt that he was a man of family. Such a boy, too! But Mrs. Carter, who was sitting up in the old, roomy Barkenstone arm-chair, complained of the back, in which one or two lumps annoyed her. The stuffing had been loosened, and rubbed into knots evidently. Her husband offered to remedy it, and ripped up the top cover, putting his hand down to smooth the hair. He found a lump there which he drew out. It was a roll of paper on which was written in faded figures, "\$5,000." He opened it. It was a roll of fifty one-hundred dollar notes.

It did not take long to demolish the cushioned part of the chair. Another roll and another—six in all. There was thirty thousand dollars, but not a dollar more.

Search was made in all the cushioned chairs and sofas. A darning-needle was used as a probe. But no more money was found. It was a very small installment of the missing money, but it was something.

"It will buy baby a frock," said Melissa laughing. "It will have a thirty thousand dollar frock; so it will." And she kissed the milk who had seen so little of the world that it had not learned to smile and crow under caresses.

"It seems to me," said the Doctor, after they had given over the search, "that these ugly old things, which were so in your grandfather's mind at the last, might speak. I have a notion to have one of them sawed apart. Maybe they are hollow, after all. They are too stout to twist," he continued, taking one up, and with hand at the base, and another grasping the shank, giving it a twist as he spoke.

To his amazement the bottom turned half around under the pressure. He continued the twisting, and the lower half of the base came out and off like a great screw.

The base had been filled with lead, but the shank was hollow and stuffed with cotton-wool. A small paper protruded.

"The will!" cried the Doctor.

But it was no will; only a small scrap of paper containing figures and letters—apparently a cryptogram. The Doctor began to read it aloud:

"List: 1b 33c fw; 1b 24c 30c; 2b 10c fw; 1c 6c yd. Why, what on earth can this mean? There are four more lines of this stuff—19b a 51 to 2 1/2 fw—now what's that?"

Melissa took the paper, and pored over it. At last she cried out:

"How dull you are, George! Don't you remember that bill for the ring?"

"Yes; remember there was a bill. What of it?"

"Don't you remember '1b 1 1/2c fw,' and how we laughed at it until we learned it was one brilliant, one and a half carat's weight, first water?"

The Doctor, by way of reply, began removing the cotton-wool from the hollow; and, as he did so, a number of pellets, wrapped in tissue paper, dropped on the floor. They were gathered up and placed on the table. One of them was unwrapped and was a diamond. It did not take long to empty the receptacle. The diameter of the cavity was only one and three-quarter inches, and its length a fraction less than thirteen, but it contained three hundred and nineteen diamonds, large and small. Nearly all were what is known as single stones, of from four to six carat's weight, and several of unusual size, from eighteen to thirty-two carat's. The other candelabrum was unscrewed, and found to contain only twenty-two stones; but they were, with one exception, of unusual size, one of these being a forty-carat stone, of perfect limpidity and brilliance. They were fairly dazed by the display.

It was not so easy to realize on the stones. The larger ones, as the Doctor was told by the jeweler to whom he exhibited the finds at the vaults of the State Deposit Company, were not likely to find purchasers on this side of the Atlantic. He recognized the yellow diamond as one he had sold to Mr. Barkenstone, who had been his best customer, and was known to all the dealers in diamonds. The larger stones had been properly bought abroad, as those of such size never come to this market but on special order.

However, they did realize their value in time. They were sold from time to time, with the exception of those made into some ornaments for Mrs. Carter. They brought the sum of one million, five hundred and forty dollars. The heiress and her husband were well pleased; but the Doctor, being of a financial turn of mind, used often to mourn the amount of money lost in interest by the senior Mr. Barkenstone's strange investments.

Spoiling a Ghost.

Many a ghost story would have met with an untimely end had a man of spirit arisen to hunt down the supernatural visitants. Some years ago a little town in Iowa became greatly excited over a succession of strange sights and noises which had occurred in Horse Thief Grove, where two criminals had once been buried. The reports ran that at 12 o'clock every Friday night blue and white lights were seen to rise from the graves and disappear in the branches of the trees above.

An enterprising peddler, spending a night in the town, determined to investigate the ghostly phenomena, and, having provided himself with a pistol, slipped down to the grove.

An eager and expectant crowd stood on a hill at a convenient distance, waiting to see lights, and says the investigator, I made up my mind to give them an afterpiece that night, as I lay snugly concealed under the bushes near the graves.

I did not have long to wait before I heard the sounds I had been expecting—the tramp-

ling of feet near me. Looking up cautiously I beheld the sons of my host, two very mischievous lads, carrying a rope and a lantern with blue and white glass. Everything was plain to me now. The boys would creep up a narrow and deep ditch to the graves.

By the aid of a rope running over a pulley fastened in the trees they could run the lantern up and down while concealed in the brush some distance off, relying on the superstitious fear of the others to prevent discovery.

New York's Sewing Women.

Gall Hamilton, in the *N. Y. World*, has some sensible thoughts on the condition of the sewing women of the great metropolis. In reference to the possibility of ameliorating their condition she says:

Let us look for a moment at what is to be done. One of the most intelligent of these female apostles who has undertaken the mission to these Gentiles. The woman was an American, 26 years old. She had plenty of work. Indeed, she said the work went on with a rush. The difficulty was the payment. She could earn only \$5 or \$6 where, for the same work, she used to receive \$10 or \$12. The employers, she complained, were grinding down the employed so that no matter how well the latter could turn off work, or how long they had been at it, they all received about the same pay. "I don't understand it," said the poor woman, although she had been three years in public schools, "and I get half distracted sometimes wondering where it will end and if things will ever be any better."

And yet it is very easy to understand. The poor woman herself gave the explanation, although three years of public school had not taught her to think enough to see that it was an explanation. When it was suggested to her that if she and her comrades would make common cause they might right themselves somewhat, she instantly replied, "We wouldn't dare. Why, there'd be ten for each one of us turned off."

Here is where our home missionary of financial science, political economy, and Christian charity, sent out by the churches, should put in his plowshare—her plowshare, for this is peculiarly fitted to be woman's work, and say to this victim of ignorance and circumstance:

"On this line things never can be any better. Never while the world lasts can you expect to receive \$12 for work which twelve other women are eager to do for \$6. If you were a voter, it would make no difference. You can never force your employer to employ you at \$12 if he can employ some one else to do the same work for \$6. You have no right to expect him to do it. It is not greed, nor extortion, nor inhumanity in him not to do it. If he should undertake it he would fail in business and you would be worse off than before, because you would have no work at all. You would then be one of the dozens waiting at a low price instead of the one employed at a low price. This law is absolute. It applies to the millionaire just as strongly as to the sewing woman. A man is a millionaire because he contrives to bring a barrel of flour from Minnesota to New York cheaper than the other man."

This our missionary ought to iterate and reiterate until the hopelessness of all help from that direction is well ground into the startled brain. Then she might be ready for the next step, which the answer to another question furnishes.

"Would not private sewing be better?" asked the gentle friend and would-be helper. "There is always a demand for good seamstresses."

"I don't know anything about private sewing. You have to cut and plan, and I never learned that." So far the answer was frank and pathetic. "I like to work on things that are cut by a cutter, and just so, and I can make up my dozen after dozen with not an eighth of an inch difference in my measurements." This is thoroughly stupid. On this hot iron should our missionary strike briskly, though in true kindness. "That is, to put it boldly, you choose to make a machine of yourself, and then you wonder that you are treated like a machine. You choose not to use your brains, and then you wonder that you are treated as if you had no brains. You choose the narrowest possible path, and then wonder that you are crowded. You are not willing to take the trouble to think enough to plan even the one small suit on which you are sewing. You want some one else to have the brain-work of planning and cutting, while you do only the simple, mechanical work of sewing what has been already cut and planned. But routine mechanical work cannot bring the high price which brain-work brings. Mr. Vanderbilt would never have been a millionaire if he had chosen to bring a barrel of flour from Minnesota to New York by wheeling it on a wheelbarrow rather than 'cut and plan' and man railroads to bring it. If, while he was resting a moment on the handle of his wheelbarrow to wipe the dew of labor from his heated brow, some good Samaritan had suggested to him that life would be easier and remuneration larger should he avail himself of the inventions and combinations in steam and iron, and if Mr. Vanderbilt had replied: 'I like this way of carting flour. I don't know anything about running a steam engine. You have to think, and plan, and be there at just such a time. With my wheelbarrow I can go straight on up hill and down with not an eighth of a minute's thought about anything'—why Mr. Vanderbilt would not be sitting in the Metropolitan Opera House in the railroad men who liked better to use their brains in connecting trains than to use their muscles only in wheeling a wheelbarrow. I know not whether Mr. Vanderbilt is a good or a bad man. I know only wealth is not necessarily virtue. If you like to work on things cut by a cutter no one has power to compel your liking; but remember that you are by your own account doing it because you 'like' it, not because you must. You are ground down by your employer because on the whole you 'like' better a position in which you are ground down than a position in which you would not be ground down."

If you learned to do private sewing perfectly," said the actual apostle to this actual sewing-woman, "you could earn \$15 a day and board and have your evenings quite free."

This is higher wages than many a man

gets in the country who brings up a family with good clothes, good education, good habits, good manners, who owns his house, and garden, and orchard, has a carpet and a stove in every room, and a piano in the parlor.

But this young woman, reared in the public schools, ground down by her extortionate employers, and half distracted with hard work and small pay, only replied: "I've had that said to me before, but you know it's more independent as I am."

Pearls.

Attempts have been made to produce real pearls artificially, i. e., to cause by means of art the growth of them in the fish, says a writer in the *Leeds (Eng.) Mercury*. The Chinese were the first to do this, and still practice it, by placing very small beads of mother pearl on a thread of fine silk and fastening them within the shell of the pearl oysters when they rise to the surface of the water in the beginning of the summer. The fish are then replaced in their beds, where the beads are soon covered, as before mentioned, with calcareous excretions from the body of the animal, and do, in fact, become genuine pearls. A society for the prevention of cruelty to oysters, therefore, would not be out of place in China and Japan.

In the latter country, by introducing little flat stamped copper joss figures to the interior of the pearl-bearing mussel the people obtain little pearl idols. Linnæus was well acquainted with the origin of pearls in general, was aware of the possibility of producing them artificially; and suggested the collection of a number of mussels, piercing holes in their shells with a fine augur to produce a wound, and afterward parking them for five or six years to give the pearls time to grow. The Swedish Government consented to try the experiment, and long did so. Pearls were produced, but were of little value, and the enterprise was abandoned as unsuccessful, though Linnæus himself got a knighthood for the suggestion.

The pearl, like all jewels of lesser hardness, wears dim with time, and often discolors, or as the jewelers term it, "dies." Various methods are resorted to in such cases for the purpose of restoring their original beauty, but they never recover their pristine splendor. In India they rub them with boiled rice; in some other parts they bake them in bread.

Another strange expedient is to feed chickens with them; then the animals are killed after two hours' time, and the pearls are rescued from their hiding place, the action of the gastric juice having somewhat restored their color. The true shape of the pearl should be a perfect sphere or pear-shape, like the celebrated monster pearl of the Great Mogul.

Pampas Plum Farming.

The *Country Gentleman* has a very interesting article upon this branch of California farming, from which we take the following:

The first introduction of pampas grass to cultivation in this locality is almost like a page from some bright novel. In the first place one of the market gardeners imported a few plants from South America for the purpose of ornamenting his lawn or home-surroundings, in the same manner as many other beautiful grasses are grown for their attractive appearance. The young pampas plants grew vigorously, and in a short time formed large bunches, or tussocks, and in due season the flower stalks were sent up far above the heads of the people who came to admire the plumes. About this time some boys, who had not profited by the good advice of their parents, invaded the nurseryman's grounds and broke off the full-sized plumes, and in their wantonness pulled out the half-developed ones as well and threw them upon the ground as worthless. In two or three days some of these young plumes that had been stripped of the surrounding leaves and left upon the soil, were found to be in an unusually fine condition. The young flower-clusters had dried out and assumed almost the softness and lightness of feathers. They were so beautiful, in fact, that the owner, seeing them, was led to undertake the growing of the pampas grass for the plumes. For a short time there was little more than the home market, but the decorative qualities of the plumes soon became known and the demand for them increased, until they are now sent from Santa Barbara to all parts of the world.

At the present time many acres, if not hundreds of acres, may be seen devoted exclusively to the growing of pampas plumes. Fortunes have been made by some persons engaged in this peculiar sort of market gardening.

As before stated, the plumes are best removed from the plant before they have come out of the sheath or covering of leaves. The plumes are therefore cut while young, and after being stripped are thrown down upon the ground. After a few days the plumes are as light and airy as a fleecy cloud in June, and ready to be gathered and stored, or packed for shipment.

The harvesting of the pampas crop is not in the least a difficult matter, and especially here in a climate where no rains fall during the growing season.

The profits are sometimes quite large. Five hundred dollars per acre is not an exceptional income, and occasionally the amount has run up to two or three times that figure. The novelty of their product has worn off, and perhaps there is something in the fact that a room that has been decorated with plumes this year, will not need another supply next year. It is doubtless true that persons may grow tired of a beautiful object as a pampas plume.

The fact is, that prices now are much lower than three or four years ago. Plumes that then brought twenty to fifty cents would not sell now for more than a dime. The finest plumes are sold here for seventy-five cents per dozen. Even at that price a fair income can be obtained from soil devoted to pampas grass. If there are 375 plants to an acre and they average 50 plumes—which they tell me is a fair average—the income at six and one-half cents apiece would be \$899.75. It would seem as if the price might go still lower and yield a good profit.

This crop is not mentioned with any idea that eastern farmers or gardeners should take hold of the enterprise. The pampas grass is one of the many plants, requiring a combination of circumstances that obtain in only a few places, and these places can supply the world with the product.

"ONLY AFTER DEATH."

What Wonders the Microscope has done for Us—No Longer Obligated to Die, to Find Out "What's Killing Us."

One of the leading scientific publications states that many people are now using the microscope to discover the real cause of disease in the system, and to detect adulterations of food and medicines.

This wonderful instrument has saved many a life. A microscopical test shows, for instance, the presence of albumen, or the life of the blood, in certain derangements of the kidneys, but medicine does not tell us how far advanced the derangement is, or whether it shall prove fatal.

The microscope, however, gives us this knowledge.

Bright's disease, which so many people dread, was not fully known until the microscope revealed its characteristics. It greatly aids the physician, skilled in its use, in determining how far disease has advanced, and gives a fuller idea of the true structure of the kidney.

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A MISUNDERSTANDING.

foolish heart, to flutter so!
O foolish heart, so warm to glow
Jealousy that came and yet I know
His eyes were wondrous tender.
"I come to ask," he said, and I
I looked half-angry and half-shy.
"Till time enough to by-and-by
Yield him my sweet surrender.
Should it be Yes? Should it be No?
(O foolish heart, to flutter so!)
"Will you," he murmured very low—
My thoughts flew fast and frantic,
For surely love was in that tone;
I was mistaken now, I own—
"Will you be kind enough to loan!
My aunt the last Allander!"
—Ruth Hall.

Peculiarities of Stingy People.

A party of merchants were speaking of stingy people. "Old Peleg Gregg was the stingiest man I ever knew," said Abe Paterson. "Tell you what's a fact. He was sick one time, just on the caving bank of death. Some member of the family sent for a physician, and when the doctor arrived Peleg asked:
"What do you pay for medicine, doctor—how much a dose?"
"Let me see, about fifty cents."
"How many do you think it will take to cure me?"
"Two, I think."
"Fifty cents apiece 'bout as cheap as you can sell 'em?"
"Yes."
"Tell yer what'll do; I'll gin you sixty cents fur dose an' a ha'f."
"Won't sell that way."
"Wall, then, good-day."
"He was surely a very close man," said Rufus Potter, "a very careful man, but you never heard of Sack Scallops, did you? He lived down on Longmead Bayou. One day he was out in the woods and a tree fell across him and mashed him into the ground. He yelled and yelled and finally a fellow came along and asked what was up.
"Nothin' up," growled Sack. "I'm down, that's the trouble. I want you to chop this here log to down and roll it off me."
"What'll yer gimme?"
"Do it for twenty-five cents."
"Great Scott! do you think I am made out of money?"
"All right, won't do it for less."
"Wall, how much'll yer charge ter go home and tell my son to come out here?"
"Ten cents."
"What, jes' for walkin' that little distance? Yer must take me fur a fool. Go on, I don't want nothin' to do with yer."
"Well, he was prudent," said Billings, "almost morbidly so. He reminds me in points of economy of an old fellow named Jerry Finch. One day he went into a store and wanted to buy six feet of rope. The dealer, knowing Jerry's peculiar love of money, told him that he might have the rope for ten cents.
"I'll give you five."
"I can't sell it for that. Why, man, you've got plenty of money and ought not to grumble."
"Yes, but times are powerful hard. Can't stand that price." He went away, and after staying about two hours, came back and asked:
"That rope fell any?"
"No, sir."
"Good-bye."
"So long."
"The next day he entered the store and remarked: "I hear that rope is fallin' all over the country."
"That so?"
"Yes. Hear that over here at Cottow Town yer ken git ten feet fur a nickel."
"Why don't you go over there?"
"Don't want to wear out my shoes. Say, has it fell any here?"
"Not a bit."
"Well, good-bye."
"So long."
"Two days later he came back. "Say," said he, "hain't you got some old rope that you ken sell cheap?"
"No old rope."
"New rope hain't fell none yet?"
"Confound the luck, take it along for a nickel." The old fellow carefully measured the rope, and with a disappointed air, said: "Say, it's three inches short; can't you knock off something?"
"Yes, give me four cents."
"Say three."
"Well, three."
"He gave him a postage stamp and hurried away. That evening he was found hanging from a rafter in his barn. He left a few lines of writing congratulating himself on the fact that the rope with which he hanged himself was so cheap. There may be closer men, but I have never met them."

Courtship of the Birds.

We rarely realize how the play of life is enacted by the birds, which in the spring-time swarm in the woodlands and hover over the prairies. Perhaps in nothing is this better seen than in the means by which the feathered gallants strive to win the affections of the gentler sex among the birds. The history of the "Middle Ages" is full of tales of conflicts in which men engaged for love of some fair lady, and even in our own time many a field could tell sad tales of blood shed in settlement of rivalries, but never fiercer fight was waged than we may see among our feathered friends.

Let us for a moment fancy ourselves transported far away to the home of the "Ruff," one of the most pugnacious of birds. Peering through the reeds and grasses, as I push them to one side, do you see before you that space of turf trodden bare? In the centre are two birds fighting. They dash at each other, seizing each other with their bills and striking like game cocks. Around the neck of each is extended a huge ruff of feathers, which has given the bird its name. This serves as a partial protection to the body. At one side stand the members of the other sex, watching the contest with interest. For a short time we watch their struggles till an unlucky movement disturbs some of the on-lookers and in a moment all are gone.

But the "Ruff" is not alone in his willingness to prove his bravery in battle. Scores of our own birds show the same spirit. Even the small hummingbird will fight with the greatest fury to drive off some intrusive rival. Indeed it would perhaps be no exaggeration to say that the majority of the birds will challenge a rival to combat.

Again, we find among birds as among men some whose greatest charm is their voice; and sweet indeed are the songs they sing. The males of one of the Australian birds assemble in companies and engage in trials of skill with their voices. Their notes are said to be exceedingly agreeable. But we need not go to distant lands to hear these love songs of the birds. Have you never stood in the fields, on a beautiful morning in June, while from a tree before you poured a perfect flood of liquid melody, answered perhaps by some sweet-voiced rival from the distant thicket? And have you not searched in vain for this mysterious songster till from out the branches, with a parting burst of song, down to the meadow below dropped a small sparrow? I fancy if you could have looked among the grasses you would have found there his adoring mate, and perhaps a dainty nest.

We find in bird life too, the fellow who thinks he can dance; and never more awkward dancer was seen than some of these. Yet their curious antics seem to charm the onlookers of the other sex. Some of our North American grouse get together in companies of a score or more and run around in a circle, performing the most curious antics. Perhaps the most wonderful example, however, is the Black Cock, one of the European grouse. These birds have regular dancing places. During the performance the bird utters the strangest noises. Spreading all his feathers, he takes a few jumps in various directions, sometimes in a circle, pressing the underside of the bill on the ground, and meanwhile beating his wings and turning around and around. As he grows more excited, faster and faster he moves till he seems almost frantic. After he has finished showing what he can do in the way of dancing he is ready for war, and the entertainment usually closes with a free fight. Oftentimes the same bird will visit several meeting places in one day in order to prove his strength and valor to all rivals. Year after year in the springtime the birds meet in these assembling places, and the hunters take advantage of the fact to shoot them.

Deep in the forests of Guiana lives a bird rarely seen by travelers, but one of the most beautiful of its kind. It is the Rupicola, or Cock of the Rock. Right royally is he clad in a suit of orange with a splendid fan-shaped crest. The female has to content herself with plainer and less gorgeous apparel. Few are the explorers who have watched this beautiful bird, but one has brought us marvelous tales of its home life, and none more curious than those of its habits. We will let him describe it in his own words:
"A troop of these beautiful birds was celebrating its dances on the smooth surface of a rock; about a score of them were seated on the branches as spectators, while one of the male birds, with proud self-confidence, and spreading tail and wings, was dancing on the rock. He scratched the ground or leaped vertically in the air, continuing these salutary movements until he was tired, when another male took his place. The females meanwhile looked on attentively and applauded the performance with laudatory cries." The Indians lie in wait with their blowpipes near the places where they are known to dance, and when the ball has begun, easily shoot several of the spectators with the poisoned arrows before the rest take the alarm.

General—How do you do?
Indian—Oh, how do you?
General—Where are you going?
Indian—To the lower Catawba town.
General—What are you going there for?
Indian—I am going to preach.
General—Aye, so you preach, do you?
Indian—Oh, yes; me preach sometime.
General—Well! do they pay you any for preaching?
Indian—Yes, little—twenty shillings—each town pay me twenty shillings.
General—Why, that is blanked poor pay.
Indian—Aye, and blanked poor preach, too.

The general was so pleased with the prompt and candid reply of the Indian that he burst into a fit of laughter, and for a long time he could not restrain himself. When he became composed he discovered that he had got into a considerable perspiration, which he had not felt before since his sickness. The bottle of spirits had been put into the spring to cool; the provisions were taken out of the chest-box; the general and the Indian ate and drank together, and the general was heard to declare that he ate and drank with a better appetite than he had done since he had been a prisoner. He was helped into his chair again, pursued his journey, continued to improve in health, and when he arrived at his residence (Petersburg) he was perfectly restored.

Potter Palmer.

Potter Palmer, the noted hotel man of Chicago, ended a stubborn financial struggle of fifteen years' duration by paying off the last mortgage on his real estate a few days ago. The great fire of 1871 swept away three-fourths of his large fortune, and the question with him at that moment was whether he should retire from active life with the remnant of his fortune or seek to build it up again by assisting in the rebuilding of the city. The fire had destroyed thirty-five of his buildings and a rent roll of \$192,000 a year was reduced to nothing, and his remaining income was not sufficient by \$15,000 to pay his taxes. After some earnest study of the matter he determined to pitch in again and recoup himself. He went in with vim and zest that were encouraging to many another in a similar plight. He carried on vast building operations when labor materials were high, and at one time turned night into day. A good deal of the present Palmer House was built at night by the aid of the calcium light, and the work went on continuously to a completion regardless of nature's luminaries. Two years after the fire he owed, borrowed money alone, the sum of \$2,000,000. The last of this debt was paid off last week, and now Potter Palmer finds himself a far wealthier man than before, owning twenty business blocks and two hundred dwellings, with rentals aggregating a far larger sum than before the fire. Had he lost heart when the flames licked up the bulk of his fortune, and retired with the remnant left him, the chances are that he would have lost even that which he had. The years that he spent in rebuilding his fortune would have been lost in repining at his hard luck and bemoaning the severities of fate. But in bracing up and going to work he not only saved himself and ultimately increased his store, but brought to bear upon Chicago and its stricken people a vast moral and material influence in a dark hour when it needed it most. It is a record of which he may well feel proud.

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"I haven't noticed it, madame," replied the professor, seating himself on the papers to keep the other boarders from getting them.
"Hadin't noticed what?" asked Mrs. Fog.
"That is a good morning," retorted the professor amiably. "It's raining cats and dogs out. Where is my umbrella, Mrs. Fog? I left it in the corner of my room on going out yesterday morning, and it is not there now. I cannot understand why it is that the morality, integrity, and the common honesty of life, seem to disappear when one gets within the portals of this house. Where, madame—I demand to know—where is my umbrella?"
"Where?" replied the landlady, striking a high G and pouring hot water over her ornate of her excitement. "Where? Why the owner came here yesterday and recovered it!"
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We have spoken of the songs of birds but some of them are no mean performers in the matter of instrumental music, at least as far as volume is concerned. Did you ever hear in the woods in spring a sound like the distant roll of a drum? If you have I fancy you have been puzzled to account for it. Had you tried to go in search of the mysterious noise you might have grown weary ere finding its source, as it can be heard for a long distance. In case of success you would have found a partridge strutting about, as with ruff and tail spread he shows off his finery to his admiring friends, meanwhile producing the heavy drumming by striking the wings together above the back. We should hardly consider this music. In some of the birds certain feathers are especially modified, so that by their vibration, their bearers are enabled to make these curious sounds, which in our ears are often far from pleasant, but which seem to aid the bird in his wooing.—Country Gentleman.

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VARIETIES.

HER DARLING BOY.—"Have you any children?" asked the new minister of a parishioner whom he met for the first time at a church social.
"Yes," she replied, "I have one—a dear little fellow of ten years; I hope you can call soon, that he may meet you."
"I shall call very soon, I am so fond of children."
"I am so glad, I love children so dearly myself. Ah! it makes me shudder to think what my home would be without the sun, shine of my dear little lad's presence. What a hold on one's affections a gentle, trusting little child has. My little son is such an affectionate child. He binds me to him by a thousand new and fond endearments each day. But it is late, and I must go to him now."
And this is what she says on arriving at home:
"Well, what under the shining sun will that hyena of a boy do next? This house looks like a mad bull had been turned loose on it. I never in all the born days of my life saw a young one so full of the old Harry as he is. He will drive me raving crazy yet. I have no peace of my life with him. If I did my duty I would go to his bed now and give him a thorough good dressing down. He has done everything I told him not to do. I never saw such a tormenting young one since the day I was born. I'll settle with him in the morning, oh, I will!"

A TALL, lean Indian who passed through Chicago some time ago on his way to the reservation from a visit to Washington, attracted a great deal of attention by his weird and unearthly appearance. He was a swarthy fellow, with black hair and a large black eye, but the other eye was glass, a bright blue, and gazed into vacancy with a cold curlew stare that was strange to behold. The Indian seemed proud of his disfigurement and he was looked up to with great respect and awe by the other savages with him. His appearance was explained by an army officer who was in town last week. He said he had only one eye, but the artificial organ looks natural and healthy. One day at the war office he took out the game eye, after the manner of men who own them, and, wiping it off, slipped it back carelessly into the socket. The Indian saw the performance and was much struck by it. He asked the officer if he could see with the glass eye, and the officer facetiously told him that he could. "Gimme one," said the Indian, and the army officer went into his trunk, where he kept a supply, and produced one. The Indian jammed it into the place where the natural eye used to be and then stalked away like an apparition from the lower regions. He never once thought of taking the eye out once he had it, and he stoutly maintained that he could see with it as well as with the other.

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CHAFF.

There are too many married men in the Senate for a woman's rights measure to pass. Sam Jones' creed is "a bottomless hell and a roofless heaven." Very poor places to run a elevator, we should say.

The India rubber man of the Bowery Museum who went to work in a Turkish bath has become a vulcanized dunder.

On the Rolling Deep.—First Passenger.—Well, old boy, what's up this afternoon? Second Passenger.—All but the soup.

It was Emerson who defined the real man as "he who in the midst of the crowd keeps the independence of solitude."

"Old Virginia never tires," because she is so slow. A prisoner there who had been found three months was recently granted a pardon.

Rough on the Tramp.—Dangerous Character.—Your money or your life! Author—Here it is. Bound in calf—one dollar and a half. Written by myself.

What is Jigson in mourning for, do you know? "It's either faw his brothaw aw his dwag. One of 'em died last week, but I weally fawget which it was."

"Have you any change about your clothes?" inquired Smith. "No," responded Brown. "I haven't. There ought to be change enough about this weather to suit you."

A colored clergyman in a Southern town prayed the other day that the indelicate temperate and the industrious destruction. Circumstantial Evidence.—Uncle Ben, how can you tell that your hands are dirty? They are so black, you know? "Hei! he! wot a chile you is. Yo see, honey, de water gets riley."

I am now preparing a poem entitled "The Umbrella." It is a dainty little bit of verse, and my friend thinks it is a gem. I called it "The Umbrella," so that it would not be returned.—Bill Nye.

Tender-hearted young lady.—Oh! you cruel, heartless little wretch! to rob those poor birds of their eggs. Wicked little boy.—Ho! That's the old one that you've got on your bonnet. Guess she won't care.

A scientific writer tells how water can be boiled in a sheet of writing paper. We don't doubt it. We have known a man to write a few lines on a sheet of writing paper that kept him in hot water for three years.

"Did you see that lovely valentine Miss Straightface got?" "No," was the jealous reply, "but I hear that she is showing it to every one. Just think of that ugly thing setting a valentine! I am sure she must have sent it herself."

Mrs.

